1621.29.11

THE

Ruin'd *Virgin's* GARLAND:

Compos'd of Two Excellent

LOVE SONGS

1. *The ruin'd Lass. To a new Tune.*

YOU pretty Maidens all I pray give Ear
Unto my Downfall, which I declare:
Of Parentage I am,
Near to a Gentleman,
As seme now witness can, the Date of Year.

At Fourteen Years of Age, with Grief I tell,
Many a young Man fair loved me well,
I being childish young,
Believed a flattering Tongue,
And fix'd my Mind upon a brisk young Man.

He said, If I'd not yield with him to dwell,
He would go hang himself, whate'er befell:
He wrung and tore his Hair,
And bitterly did swear,
His Sword should end his Care before me then.

I hearing what he said, grieved me sore,
I took him for my Friend, not for my Foe:
Young Man, said I, forbear,
I pray let go your Hair,
I'll ease you of your Care, and be your Bride.

Oh! how he jump'd for Joy before me then;
My Love, and only Joy, happy's the Man:
He kindly me embrac'd,
And hung about my Waste,
And then my Love I plac'd on this young Man.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

FOR Two Months Space and more he courted me,
Day by Day, Night by Night, he sat by me:
He let me take no Rest,
I must sleep on his Breast,
And then my Love I plac'd on this young Man.

The appointed Day was set we were to wed,
But first of all he stole my Maiden-head.
My Parents did not know,
I lov'd this young Man so,
Which prov'd my Overthrow, ruin'd me quite.

When I with Child did prove, and him had told,
He call'd me twenty Whores brazen and bold,
I know you not, said he,
Therefore I'll gone from me,
This prov'd my Misery, his Love was cold.

I was asham'd to stay where I was known,
For straightway I went from my own home:
I wander'd up and down,
From Sea-Port Town to Town,
'Till in Travel I fell down, on the High-Way.

Then taken up I was by Womenkind,
Whose Friendship they did show, Nature did bind,
Delivered then I were
Of two fine Babies fair,
Which caused me much Care, be warn'd by me.

Was ever Damsel so unfortunate,
As I have been, for lo! my Grief is great:
No Comfort can I find,
To ease a careful Mind,
Since he is so unkind, and has wronged me.

My Friends and Parents dear, alas! I left,
To wander far and near, sadly bereft
Of Joy and Comfort too;
False Friend, farewell, adieu!
In Sorrow here I rue my wretched State.

Such were my sad Complaints, Virgins did mourn,
As tho' I was no more, or laid in Urn:
To see me in this Case,
Each smiling Infant's Face,
Melted their tender Hearts, as tho' their own.

Thus did I moan myself, my Babes I kiss'd,
Tears running down my Cheeks whilst I embraced,
O my dear harmless Young,
You I will never wrong,
Tho' your unkind Father has me quite undone.

Soon as I'm able, the World I will range,
Telling how Lovers are given to Change:
You, sweet Babes! witness can
What Falseness reigns in Man:
Maidens, take Care how your Hearts are ensnar'd.

My Infants being born (as I have told)
I then endur'd the Scorn of Young and Old;
For they derided me
In that sad Misery,
No Comfort could I see, to ease my Care.

With my sweet smiling Son and Daughter dear,
To my false Love I run; when I drew near,

With

With Heart of Heavineſs,
Theſe Words I did expreſs,
My Wrongs I pray redreſs, and pity me.

I laid before him then my Grief and Care;
And likewiſe told him, when in ſad Deſpair;
I wandered too and fro,
In Sorrow, Grief and Woe,
And knew not where to go, to hide my Shame.

I told him, I had no Place of Abode,
But travell'd too and fro, 'till in the Road,
I did in Travail fall,
My Sorrows were not ſmall,
Having no Friend at all to ſuccour me.

These Infants at my Breast by you I have,
And were they richly drest, they'd be as brave,
As ever Sun shin'd on,
Then hear my piteous Moan,
And for their Sakes alone, Love, pity me.

When I had ended this mournful Tale,
With a most hearty Curse he then did rail,
Striking me such a Blow,
As made me fall most low,
With Grief mine Eyes did flow, my Heart was full.

Thus did I vent my Grief, little I slept;
I could find no Relief, often I wept:
My Tears bedew'd each Child,
Sweet were my Words, and mild;
That all around me did sorely lament.

My little Infants cry'd, while I was down;
Here was my Patience try'd, for in the Town,
That Night I might not stay,
But be compell'd away,
I knew not what to say, but wept full sore.

In the Town where he dwelt, I was not known;
Therefore their Rage I felt, for he alone,
Hired near Forty more,
Who did abuse me sore,
Never was Lout before envy'd like me.

They drove me out of Town, few Friends I saw,
The former Bed of Down, that Night was Straw,
My Infants by my Side,
With bitter Bruises cry'd,
And the next Day they dy'd, to my great Grief.

Sweet Virgins fair and young, take heed I pray,
Let no deluding Tongue, lead you astray;
Least you my Woes behold,
Which have been manifold,
Hot Love is soonest Cold, I know 'tis true.

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The Third Part. To the same Tune.

AS he lay on his Bed, that very Night,
Strange Thoughts run in his Head, did him affright,
He dream'd his Love he see,
In sad Extremity,
So that next Morning he bitterly cry'd.

I am that wretched Man, who broke my Vow,
No living Mortal can pity me now ;
Bathed in Tears I lye,
Accus'd with Perjury,
Ah ! whither ſhall I fly, to eaſe my Grief !

No youthful Lady fair, for Beauty bright,
Could with my Love compare, tho' I did ſlight,
Her Lamentation ſo,
Cauſing her Eyes to flow,
In bitter Grief and Woe, when in Diſtreſs.

My very Conſcience, Friends, flies in my Face :
How ſhall I make Amends for the Diſgrace,
Which I did bring her to,
When from her Friends ſhe flew,
My Sorrows do renew, now Night and Day.

Why did I ſtrike her down, with Blows ſevere ?
Why did I raiſe the Town, to wrong my Dear ?
When ſhe her Moan did make.
For her young Infant's Sake,
With Grief my Heart will break for what I've done.

I'll ſearch the Nation round both Night and Day,
And if ſhe can be found without Delay,
I will her Pardon ——
Which if I may not have,
I'll ſeek a ſilent Grave, and lay me down.

O'er Hills and Dales he went, thro' Groves he paſt,
To ſeek his Heart's Content, and came at laſt,
Near to a River's Side,
Where Cryſtal Streams did glide,
His Love there he ſpy'd bleeding to Death.

Cloſe by her Side he found theſe Verſes writ,
My ſelf did give the Wound, that I might quit
My Life of Care and Grief,
Since there was no Relief ;
Worſe than a cruel Thief my Love has been.

Thus did Death's cruel Dart, pierce her dear Breaſt.
Farewell, falſe Love ! ſhe ſaid ; I go to Reſt.
You may ſoon follow me,
May Heav'n prove kind to thee,
Now my Deceiver no more will moleſt.

Soon her ſweet roſy Cheeks turn'd to a pale,
Her Tongue did faulter, whilſt Death did prevail :
My

My Love, farewell! ſhe cry'd;
And, with a Sigh, ſhe dy'd,
Whoſe Sorrows ſpread around the pleaſant Vale.

When her falſe Lover found, that ſhe was dead;
And ſadly view'd the Corps, like *Venus* laid!
To ſee her Glaſs was run,
His deareſt Dear undone,
He to Diſtraction fell, and tore his Head.

O thou lamented Shade! Deareſt, ſaid he,
I have thy Ruin been: I'll follow thee:
My Sword ſhall pierce my Heart,
Which made my Dear to ſmart;
Falſe Lovers all, take Example by me.

Like one diſtracted then his Locks he tore,
And often kiſs'd her when bathed in Gore;
Crying out, as he lay,
This is a diſmal Day:
Alas! what ſhall I ſay? I am the Cauſe.

What ſhall I think of this, which I have done!
Then he her Lips did kiſs, ſo pale and wan,
In Sorrow compaſs'd round,
Kneeling upon the Ground,
He bath'd her bleeding Wound with flowing Tears.

He many Sighs did fetch, crying amain,
None but a cruel Wretch as I have been,
E'er could have ſerv'd thee ſo;
For to my Grief I know,
I wrought my Overthrow, and ruin'd thee.

Has Death no fatal Dart, which he will give,
To pierce my cruel Heart: Why ſhould I live?
Why ſhould I here remain,
Since my dear Love is ſlain?
O eaſe me of my Pain, and let me die.

I'll go the neareſt Way now to my Dear;
I will no longer ſtay to languiſh here.
This ſaid, his Sword he drew,
And ran it through and through,
And bid the World adieu, as down he fell.

You loyal Lovers all, take Notice I pray:
See you a Conſcience make, and don't betray
Any poor harmleſs Love,
Leſt you their Ruin prove,
For there is a GOD above will find you out.

In one Grave both were laid, and for to [illegible]
How that Young Men and Maids ſhou'd act in Love
These Words fair written were,
Which did their Deaths declare,
Warning young People moſt loyal to be.

Here wretched *Stephen* lies, moſt perjur'd Swain
Here lovely *Sylvia* fell thro' Diſdain;
Shepherds! more conſtant prove:
Nymphs! take Care whom you love:
Learn by this Couple, in their ſilent Grave.